## THE PAINESVILLE JOURNAL

JAMES E. CHAMBERS, Editor PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT PAINESVILLE, LAKE COUNTY

Counting Room and Publication Office Stockwell House Block, No. 114 Main St. TERMS:

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und Machinery, together with a force of compe
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in are second to those of no other establish mont in the place.

THE GARDEN OF MEMORY. There is a garden which my memory knows, A grand old garden of the days gone by, Where lofty trees invite the breeze, And underneath them blooms full many a ro Of rarest crimson or deep purple dye; And there extend as far as eye can see, Dim vistas of cool greenery.

Gleam gray and spectral 'mid the foliage there

Old, faded bowers, with their rustic seats Of knotted branches closely intertwined, May there be seen the walks between: The wild bee drones his dreamy song.

The garden stretches downward to a lake,
Where gentle ripples kiss a pebbly shore:
All cool and deep the waters aleep.
With naught the calm of their repose to break
Save now and then the plashing of an oar,
Or the long train of diamond sparkles bright
Left by the way ward swallow's flight,

away:
Who met at morn upon the lawn,
And strolled in couples by the garden walls,
Or on the grass beneath the maples lay
And passed the hours as gayly as might be,
With olden tales of chivairy.

The younger maidens, each with silken net, Chased butterflies that hung, on painted with Above the heds where poppy-heads Drooped heavily with morning dew-drops. In recollection still their laughter rings, And still I seem to see them sport among. The statues gray, with vines o'erhung.

One sainted maiden I remember well,
And shall remember, though all else should
fade:
Her dreamy eyes, her gentle sighs,
Her golden hair in tangled curls that fell,
Her queen-like beauty and demeanor staid,
And O, her smile, that played at hide-and-seek
With dimples on her chin and cheek!

O Edith! often we have sat at rest,
And watched the sunset from the Lover's Hill
When few, faint stars shone through the bars
of purple cloud that stretched athwart the west.
And Nature's pulse seemed silently to thrill,
While Night came o'er the moorlands wide and
brown,
On dusky pinions sweeping down.

Long years have faded since those happy days, Yet still in memory are their joys enshrined. Tall grasses wave o'er Edith's grave; those her breast the birds sing plaintive lays; Yet still I feel her arms about me twined; Still foat her tangled tresses in the breeze; Still sit we 'neath the maple trees.

Thus may it be, until I too am gone!
Thus let me ever dream of youth and love!
And when the strife of earthly life
Is past; when all my weary tasks are done,
I know that in some garden there, above,
My angel Edith wants to welcome me
Unto thy halls, Eternity!

TO-MORROW. I / I BY JAMES M. BEARD.

orrow! to-morrow! how fast thou doest fly! those who desire thy hours to embrace, esterday left in their bosoms a sigh, th naught but to-morrow can ever efface.

In place of the flowers, we oft meet despair.

But their death hath given an eternity birth, To live on forever, full of joy or of sorrow; And those who have lived as they should up

JUDITH. THE OPERA BOX.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF EUGENE SCRIBE.

III. The next morning, and the next again, Judith opened her window at daybreak. The Count's carriage was always at the an explanation, she could not have ventured on such presumption for the world.

And, besides, she hardly ever saw him, except on opera nights in a box on the second tier, which he had taken for the second tier, which he had taken for the it cold,"

"In a moment—aunt, my such and your mantle," said Arthur; "you have forgotten it, and you will find it cold,"

ne never again offered to conduct her home. What, then, was to be done?

Luckily for her, her companion did him an injustice, and accused him of treating her ill.

She was delighted, for she had now an excuse for writing to him; and accordingly she indited an epistle, beseeching him to come to her apartments. It was by no means an easy task to write a letter, so it took poor Judith the whole day. She began it over again, and made fifty foul copies before she achieved one to her mind. One of these must have dropped out of her bag; for, in the evening, she heard the young authors and others who were free of the orchestra, laughing immoderately at an ill-spelt, ill-written note, as they handed it about from one to the other. She was forced to hear their explosions of merriment, their satisfied properties and the resolution that occasion were trudging humbly on foot. The carriage stopped at the gate of the Rue de Rivoli. Judith took the Count's arm, and they promenaded in the

his hands—"What is it you require?"
"What I require—Monsieur L'Comte?
I don't know how to tell it you—but the

## PAINESVILLE JOURNAL.

VOLUME I.

PAINESVILLE, LAKE COUNTY, OHIO, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1871.

A FAMILY PAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND GENERAL NEWS.

NUMBER 2.

improve myself." But, alas! he could see nothing of the kind; for whenever he came, Judith was so agitated, and stam-mered and hesitated so much, and became so confused, that he thought all the lessons were thrown away upon her. The effect of the knowledge she had acquired was to make her feel more bitterly how stupid and ridiculous he must think her; and that conviction rendered her still more constrained and embarrassed, and hindered the display of her real sentiments, so innocent and so tender; and Arthur as might be expected, came but seldom. Sometimes he remained a short time with her after the ballette; but when twelve o'clock sounded he always took his leave. She ventured to ask him—"When shall I see you?"

"I will tell you at the Opera, to-

almost always in his box on the second tier; and when he intended to visit her on the following morning, he lifted his right hand to his ear, and that was as much as to say, I will come to the Rue de Provence.

And Judith would watch for him all the day—she admitted nobody—not even her aunt, that she might have the pleasure of seeing him entirely to herself.

In spite of the reserve of the Count, she had made one discovery, and that was, that he had some sorrow that weighwas, that he had some sorrow that weighed him down. What could the sorrow be? She could not bring herself to ask him, and yet she would have been so delighted to share it with him. But that was a happiness she did not dare to hope for—and yet she shared it, though she did not knew what it was. So, when the Count asked her, as he often did, "What is the matter, Judith?—have you any grief to vex you?—" if she had dared she would have answered "yours!"

grief to vex you?—" if she had dared she would have answered "yours!".

One day a horrible idea occurred to her; she muttered to herself in despair—"he loves another—yes, yes! he loves another! why does he bring me here?—what can be his object? It is from no love for me; because if he loved me—". Judith fixed because if he loved me—". Judith fixed her eyes on a large mirror, and she certainly looked so young, so blooming, so beautiful, no wonder she remained sunk in a revery. The door of her bouldir was opened quickly; Arthur walked in—he had an air of trouble and chagrin, such as she had never seen before.

"Judith," he said "dress yourself immediately. You shall go with me to the Tuileries."

"Is it possible?"

"Is it possible?"
"Yes. The weather is delightful; al Paris will be there."

And will you take me there?" cried Judith, enraptured; for the Count had never walked out with her, or given her

his arm in public.

"To be sure I will take you there before the whole world!—in the great avenue," said the Count, hurriedly, walking about the room,—"Come along, Madame Bonnivet," he added, quickly, to the old aunt, who at that moment came in; "dress your neice as speedily as you can; and above everything be quick!"

Madame Bonnivet made preparations for

forgetting at that moment the state of her toilette.

"Yes, indeed," echoed the aunt—"it cost five hundred franes at the least." "Not for that! not for that!" said Judith—"but because it came from him—" "Well, are you ready?" cried Arthur, impatiently, who had not heard a word of their reflections about the vase.

"In a moment—aunt, my shawl; now my gloves."

foul copies before she achieved one to her saw two of her companions in the Rue mind. One of these must have dropped de la Paix, and bowed to them with the

model for the De Sevignes of the ballette.
What were the terror and agony of Judith, not at hearing her letter turned into ridicule, but to think that the Count would have the same feelings of contempt when he read the unfortunate note, which she would have purchased back again with her life. She was as "Arcthur moment Arthur and his companion were the objects of universal observation. They were both so handsome, it was impossible to avoid remarking them. Every one turned round to look at them, and ask who they were,

"Tis the young Count Arthur de Varleois."

"Are they married?"

with him? His sister perhaps?"
"O, you wrong him, I assure you. She Luckily, Judith did not hear the old dowager's remarks; for at that moment

beloved?
"Pardon me my lord, if this letter should

offend you. It is written by a poor girl who is ignorant of the world and of her duty; but hopes to find some mitigation of your anger in consideration of that ignorance—the openness of her confession—and above all, in the profound respect with which she has the honor to remain,

all ready by the zeal of Madame Bonnivet. As to Judith, she saw nothing—she heard nothing—she expected. All the faculties of her soul were absorbed in that one idea. But eleven o'clock came—half-past eleven—twelve, and no Arthur. The whole night elapsed; he came not, and she expected still; and the next day passed, and the following days, and yet Arthur came not. She heard nothing of him—she saw him no more. What then was the meaning of more. What then was the meaning of all this? what had become of him? "Gentlemen," said the little notary, interrupting his narrative, "the curtain

"Gentlemen," remarked M. Baraton, when the third act of the Huguenots was concluded, "I suppose you are anxious to make out what has happened to our friend young Arthur, and above all, to discover who he is."

is just rising-after the next act."

sister of some portion of the property that had been confiscated during the em-igration. The mother died blessing the name of her brother and enjoining

"I guess the reason," replied the neph "I have no wish to know it, sir. Hi "I have no wish to know it, sir. His majesty has deigned to overlook it, but insists on your entering the seminary in two days."

"I! uncle? Imp—"

"They are the king's orders, and your objections must be made to him, not to me," said the prelate haughtily, and turned away.

etc., etc.,

secrecy, for all his motions were watched and if they had suspected his destination to the was afraid they would have hindered his departure. He wrote a few lines to Judith, to tell her he was only absent a few days; but that note, insignificant as it was, was intercepted, and never reached her. The bishop had great interest with the police. A week afterwards Arthur was at sea. On the twentest wards Arthur was for a long time in danger. For two months his life was despaired of; and when he recovered, his fortune, his hopes, and those of his uncle, had all disappeared, in three days, with the monarchy of Charles X.

"But gentlemen," said the little notary "the curtain is again rising and we must wait until the next act is over, then—" [TO BE COSTINUED.]

THE SHADE OF ST. HELENA.

BY ANGUS LAMONT.

BY ANGUS LAMONT.

the man of Chiselhurst we wreath no gaudy chaplet. Had he stepped forth amidst a shower of bullets, or bared his breast, like the ill-fated but gallant Maxi-milian—had he fallen in fact for France, then might he have touched the summit of his greatness, and the pen of history have gilded his crimes and remembered his undoubted talents. But now what is there left, but the mockery of a fallen em-

bette et enungle in deur por find 1 marchini, plant de lawre de la deur port d

concluded, "I suppose you are anxious to make out what has happened to our friend young Arthur, and above all, to "FRE SHADE OF ST. HELENA."

"You should have begun with that,"
""You should have begun with that,"
""And should have begun with that,"
""All the our out," wrote Josephine to Hortense de Beauharnais, little dream""I have a right to arrange my story
""Anne besides," added the professor, "date the child with the rosy cheeks from a two parts of destiny, and like him lay a shivered of a story at the opera; nobody at the conduct of the swords, said the little notary, with a beyone to with the conduct or with respect to the same of the sum of the swords, said the little notary, with a beyone to with the scoper or the man of the swords, said the little notary, with a beyone to with the scoper or the from a revy nuclest than one with the scoper or the man of the swords, said the little notary, with a beyone to with the scoper or the from a revy ancient and distinguished the from a revy ancient and distinguished to the count.

"A very lucky thing for the author of the words, said the little notary, with a beyone to with the scoper at the feet of England.

"A very lucky thing for the author of the words, said the little notary, with a beyone to with the scoper of the swords, said the little notary, with a beyone to with the scoper of the swords, and the little notary, with a sermon or human life does this man's history present. What a chapthe words, said the little notary, with a sermon or human life does the swords, said the little notary, with a sermon or human life does the swords, said the little notary, with a sermon or human life does the swords, said the little notary, with a sermon or human life does the swords, said the little notary, with a sermon or human life does the swords, said the little notary, with a sermon or human life does the swords of the sword rect and our enemies invite us. Be the die cast,"

The exchangles energy of a Casar to bring order out of this chaotic state an die cast." On the 25th of November B. C. 50 the

On the 25th of November B. C. 50 the storm of war which had long been threatening to overthrow the power of the oligarchy, burst over their heads. Henceforth all peaceful measures were at an end.

Two years of civil war, fraught with

Cassar, ambitious, energetic and ing. Each rose like a brilliant meteor in the political sky of the empire, and as suddenly disappeared in darkness and blood. The tragic fate which befell these eminent rivals is worthy of remembrance as a summary example of retributive ful of ashes on the other shore of the Mediteranean. He celebrated four different triumphs. Honors and emoluments were heaped upon him from all sides were heaped upon him from all sides were heaped upon him from all sides.

Pompey had already reached the summit of fame and power—having made himself the foremost man in Rome—when he beheld with jealous and evil forebodings the rapid progress which Cæsar was making towards an equal position. It has been said of the two chiefs that "Cæsar could brook no superior, and Pompey no equal."

The leader of the oligarchy cunningly conceived the plan of making Cæsar's interests identical with his own, hoping thereby to exercise a controlling influence.

Arthur, almost out on subject; and from that moment, be determined to know her fate, she ited impatiently for the next visit of a Count. Shessaw him in his box, but a seemed sombre and preoccupied. He same as one sign to her—he next visit of a count she was properly and the seemed sombre and preoccupied. He same as one sign to her—he next visit of a seemed sombre and preoccupied. He same as one sign to her—he next visit of a seemed sombre and preoccupied. He same as one sign to her—he next visit of a seemed sombre and preoccupied. He same as one sign to her—he next visit of a seemed sombre and preoccupied. He same as one sign to her—he next visit of a seemed sombre and preoccupied. He same as one sign to her—he next visit of a seemed sombre and preoccupied. He same as one sign to her—he next visit of a seemed sombre and preoccupied. He same as one seemed sombre and preoccupied. He seemed as one sign to her—he next visit of a seemed sombre and prooccupied. He seemed as one sign to her—he next visit of a seemed sombre and preoccupied. He seemed as one sign to her—he next visit of a seemed sombre and preoccupied. He seemed as one sign to her he next visit of a seemed sombre and preoccupied. He seemed sombre and preoccupied. He seemed as one sign to her—he next visit of the seemed sombre and preoccupied. He seemed as one sign to her—he next visit of the seemed sombre and prooccupied. He seemed sombre and prooccupied. He seemed as one sign to her he was seemed sombre and prooccupied. He seemed as one sign to her he was a seemed sombre and prooccupied. He seemed as one sign to he he seemed sombre and prooccupied. He seemed as one sign to he seemed sombre and prooccupied. He seemed as one sign to he seemed sombre and prooccupied. The seemed sombre and prooccupied. He seemed sombre and

The Bishop of Prist's and was in these control of the system of the syst

Experience has enlarged her sympathies, and knowledge of suffering has softened her heart to the sufferings of others. Her lessons of life, too, have taught her tact; and tact is one of the most valuable lessons that a man or woman can learn. She sees at a glance where are the weak place heavily, and so soft and tender, a touch so inexpressibly soothing that she calms instead of irritating. A girl would have come down upon the weak place heavily, and would have torn the bandage off the sore ones, jesting at a scar because she herself had never to be jealous—as, indeed, she has no cause. For even a mature siren, however delightful she may be, is lessons of life, too, have taught her tact; and tact is one of the most valuable lesfelt a wound, and deriding the sybaritism of diachlyon because ignorant of the anguish it conceals. Then the mature siren is thoughtful for others. Girls ture siren is thoughtful for others. Girls are self asserting and aggressive. Life is strong in them, and instinct, which prompts them to try their strengh with all comers, and to get the best of everything everywhere, is so irrepressible, that they are often disagreeable because of their instinctive selfishness, and the craving natural to the young, taking all and giving back nothing. But the mature siren knows better than this. She knows that social success depends enthey are now they form a charming element in society, and are of infinite use to the world. They are the ripe fruit in the garden where else everything would be green and immature—the last days of golden summer just before the chills of autumn come on; they contain in themselves the advantages of two distinct epochs, and while possessing as much personal charms as youth, possess also the gains, which come by experience and maturity. They keep things together as the young alone could not do; and no gathering of friends is perfect which has not one or two mature sirens to give

the common fund of society; that the surest way to be considered ourselves is to be considerate for others; that sympathy begets liking and self-suppression leads to exaltation; and that if we want to gain love we mustfirst show how well we can give it. Her tact, then, and her sympathy her moral devibility and man of a certain age is sought by those men to whom women are more than mere mistresses or toys. Besides, she is a good conversationalist, She has no pretentions to any special or deep learning—for if pedantic she is spoilt as a siren at any age—but she knows a little about most things; at all events, she knows enough to make her a pleasant companion, and able to keep np the ball when thrown. And men like to talk to intelligent women. They do not like to be taught or corrected by them, but they like that quick, sympathetic intellect which follows them readily, and that amount of knowledge which makes a comfortable cushion for their own. And a mature siren who knows what she is about would never do more than this, even if she

Though the mature siren rests her claim to admiration on more than personal charms, and appeals to something beyond the senses, yet she is personable and well preserved, and in a favorable light, looks nearly as young as ever. So and well preserved, and in a favorable light, looks nearly as young as ever. So the men say who knew her when she was twenty, who loved her then, and who have gone on loving lier, with a difference, despite the twenty years that he between this and then. Girls, indeed, despise her charms because she is no longer young; and yet she may be even more beautiful than youth. She knows all the little niceties of dress, and without going into the vulgar trickery of paint and dies—which would make her hideous—is up to the best arts of the tollet by which every point is made to tell, and every minor beauty is given its fullest value. For part of the art and mystery of sirenhood is an accurate perception of times and conditions, and a careful avoidance of that suicidal mistake of which la femme passe is so often guilty—namely, setting herself in confessed rivalry with the young by trying to look like them, and so losing the good of what she has retained, and showing the ravages of time by the contrast. The mature siren is wiser than this. She knows exactly what she has and what she can do, and hefore all things availed whatver seems before all things avoids whatever seems too youthful for her years; and this is one reason why she is always beautiful, be-cause always in harmony. Besides, she has very many good points, many posi-tive charms still left. Her figure is still good—not slim and slender, certainly, but round and soft, and with that slower,

A man died at St. Louis, recently, and

and who pouts at his extraordinary pre-dilection for her, though of course she would scorn to be jealous—as, indeed,

ternal, half sisterly companions: and the first person to whom they would carry their sorrows would be a mature siren, quite capable on her own part of having caused them. It would be hard, indeed,

if the loss of youth did not bring with it some compensation; but the mature si-ren suffers less than any other kind of woman. Indeed, she seems to have a

who were once her ardent lovers, and who still cherish her memory as that of the finest and most fascinating woman they ever knew—something which the

they ever knew—something which the present generation is utterly incapable of

PRESIDENT WOOLSEY.

tration of Theodore Dwight Woolsey President of Yale College. For twenty-

the destinies of an institution of learning which has exerted for nearly two centuries a most powerful influence for good upon the men of our land. His administration has been by far the most eventful and noteworthy of the nine which have

marked the history of the College,

When Dr. Woolsay assumed the Presidency Yale was by no means the great College, almost University, that it is to-day. There were then but thirty-seven

day. There were then but thirty-seven instructors, whereas now there are six-ty-live. At that time hardly any of the celebrated scholars who now shine conspicuous upon the list had appeared. Professor Dana, Gilman, Loomis, Newton, Whitney, Hoppin, Fisher and Bacon were almost unheard of. Professor Porter, the new President, was a young and only moderately successful clergy.

wald became thus connected with the New York Herald, and in a short-the than mere personal passion; but the case would be very different if they became

Little Johnny's mother reached for him with her slipper the other evening for hooking the jelly, and after dusting the portion of his pantaloons that he sits on, she was surprised to hear him laugh over it, and demanded the cause of it, "I was thinking how I had fooled you. It was Carrie who hooked the jelly."

in drawing the line still more emph ically between empiricism and scient

Recently in London, the marriage muptials of the largest known couple in the world was celebrated. The high contracting parties are not known to fame. The happy groom was Captain Martin Van Buren Bates, the Kentucky giant, and the blushing bride Miss Anna Hannen Swann, the Nova Scotia giantess. Their collective height was nearly seventeen feet; and although the officiating clergyman was of unusual stature, "measuring three inches over six feet," he seemed quite like a dwarf beside the happy pair. That might well be called a marriage in high life.

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description and cight could be request insertion. Business cards \$1.25 per line per annum. Yearly advertisers discontinuing their advertisements before the expiration of their contracts will be charged according to the above rates. Transient advertisements must invariably be paid for in advance. Regular advertisements to be paid at the expiration of each quarter.

Avondale is now lighted with gas from

Would you buy, things is high. Would you sell, things has fell. One of the brightest pupils at the insti-tution for the deaf and dumb at Raleigh, North Carolina, is a daughter of one of the Siamese Twins,

"Mr. Post-office-man, I want to pay the postage on this letter." "Single or double, miss?" "Double, Sir" (with a courtesy); "I was married last week."

what in his will, after stating that he never for-that got a favor, left \$1,000 to an individual of an who ten years before ran away with his

The Bombay journals believe that Dr. Livingstone will be in great danger, on his return journey, from the Arab traders, and they advocate sending an expedition to Lake Yanganyika in search of him. T

A Western editor, who doesn't know much about farming anyway, suggests that for garden-making a cast-iron back, with a hinge in it, would be an improve-ment on the spinal column now in use. A little eight-year-old girl settled the question of the propriety of wearing earrings the other day by declaring that if it had not been "wicked" to wear them "God would have made holes in our ears." A resident of Kalamazoo writes to a "school boored" in Ohio that he will take a school, as he "has tought 2 terms school and I attended 1 colledge 4 yrs at detroit, michigan and am 26 yrs ayage." A French artist having been asked to

While a vendor of greens in Boston was endeavoring to dispose of his stock in trade his poor old nag balked, and refused to budge an inch. The driver finally commenced belaboring the animal with a stick, when an old lady thrust her head out of a window and exclaimed, "Have you no mercy?" "No, ma'am," replied the peddler; "nothin' but greens."

The Washington doctors are quarrel-ing over the Cundurango cancer-core.

The arrival of a fresh supply from Ecu-ador will not improbably result in split-

Mr. Thomas Francis of Albany is discouraged. His first wife killed herself thirty-four years ago; nine years after, his second spouse ran away from him and died of consumption in Illinois; six years later his third consort was drowned in 1858 his fourth help-mate was killed, and he, having been convicted of the murder, was sent to prison for life but pardoned out. In another decade the fifth partner of his bosom mysteriously disappeared, and very recently the sixth wedded idol of his soul sought peace and oblivion by hanging herself to a bed-